

Good Morning

S9

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

Beneath the Surface

With
AL MALE

YOU know how, after having read a certain book, you are filled with a burning desire to run around and tell all your friends that they simply must read it . . . and get almost annoyed when they appear to show very little interest.

Well, in the first place I know full well that you chaps just can't dash ashore, rush into a book-shop, grab a book, dash back and yell out "O.K. I'm back . . . get going."

What I am going to suggest is that you keep a weather-eye on the book-shops, and if you happen to spot "The Importance of Living," by Lin Yutang (Heinemann), make a dive for it, and guarantee yourself more hours of refreshing philosophy than you would ever dream possible.

A year or more ago I had the book loaned to me, but immediately realised that one couldn't borrow it, for the simple reason that one wanted to read it when in need of a sensible and often humorous detachment from things ordinary.

After long pursuit, and impatient waiting for promised reissues, I at last trailed it, got two copies (for a very great friend and myself), and now I feel that I want you fellows to share it with me, too.

A mixed grill

There's something for everybody, from "On being Mortal," "On Lying in Bed," "On Sex Appeal," to "The Need of Humanised Thinking" and "Be Reasonable."

And I am not speaking to you as a literary critic or worshipper of the high-brow. . . . What I like about the book, and, I feel sure, what you people will enjoy even more, is the debunking of things unreal . . . the placing of things in their right order of importance . . . a philosophy of quietude, tolerance, and pagan good humour . . . the fruit of three thousand years unbroken civilisation.

Handing over

I don't think I can do better than hand this column over to Lin Yutang, just to give you a foretaste of what you might expect.

About the Chinese philosopher, he says: "The Chinese Philosopher is one who dreams with one eye open, who views life with love and sweet irony, who mixes cynicism with a kindly tolerance, and who alternately wakes up from life's dream and then nods again, feeling more alive when he is dreaming than when he is awake, thereby investing his waking life with a dream-world quality."

He is seldom disillusioned because he has no illusions, and seldom disappointed because he never has extravagant hopes. In this way his spirit is emancipated."

On growing old gracefully, we read: "No one can really stop growing old, he can only cheat himself by not admitting that he is growing old. And since there is no use fighting against nature, one might just as well grow old gracefully."

"The symphony of life should end with a grand finale of peace and serenity and material comfort and spiritual contentment, and not with the

crash of a broken drum, or cracked cymbals."

Or, turning to "Sex Appeal," he writes: "Woman is wife and mother both, but with the emphasis on sex as such, the notion of a mate displaces the notion of a mother, and I insist that woman reaches her noblest status only as mother, and that a wife who by choice refuses to become a mother immediately loses a great part of her dignity and seriousness and stands in danger of becoming a plaything."

"To me, any wife without children is a mistress, and any mistress with children is a wife, no matter what their legal standing is. The children ennoble and sanctify the mistress, and the absence of children degrades the wife."

And, speaking of American women and beauty aids, he says: "Perhaps it is simply because American women have more money to spend (than Chinese women). Perhaps they dress to please men and undress to please themselves, or the other way round, or both."

Being reasonable

Shall we ring off on "Reasonableness"? . . . Seems that more of this would make life much pleasanter for us all.

"The contrast between the reasonable man and the logical man is often shown in the postscripts to letters. I love the postscripts in my friends' letters, especially those that entirely contradict what has been said in the body of the letter. They contain all the reasonable afterthoughts, the hesitations, and the flashes of wit and common sense. The genial thinker is one who, after proceeding doggedly to prove a proposition by long-winded arguments, suddenly arrives at intuition, and by a flash of common sense annihilates his preceding arguments and admits he is wrong. That is what I call humanised thinking."

Which is what I have tried to do since we started these

"Day is dying in the West

Heaven is touching Earth with Rest."

Sunset over Christchurch



Stories in Sticks

By
MAURICE BENSLEY

HAVE you ever walked into a stick shop, not necessarily to buy, but just to look around? In a well-known shop in New Oxford Street, London, for instance, you would see stout staves for country walkers, commissioners' batons, Scout staves and Scoutmasters' thumb sticks, shepherds' lambing crooks, long sticks for hill hikers, drovers' manilla canes, shinty sticks,

You might spot a West African chieftain's staff of office in high-grade malacca, with head-symbol of carved ivory, silver or gold. And there would be malacca or ebony canes with stone-studded handles to suit the man-about-town. Handle designs are a speciality in themselves. You find smart canes with billiard-ball tops or tortoiseshell knobs, handles covered with lizard or python skin, and handles carved into odd shapes and strange figures.

Broadly, sticks fall into five distinct groups—the crook, pull-down (and cross-head crutch), straight root, and straight knob.

The Crook

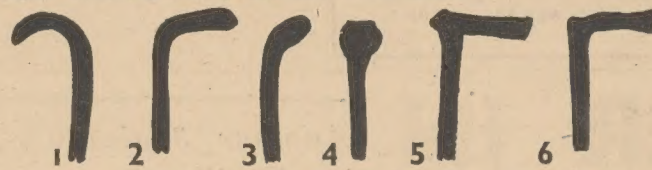
The Crook is the curved handle type—the most common shape. A straight length is cut

After cutting, the stick is plunged in a bed of hot sand, withdrawn, straightened on a "horse," and the end bent over and secured in that position with rope.

Allowed several days to cool and grow rigid, the stick is then trimmed off, scoured, and treated with preservative. Finally it is bleached to produce the "white bloom" that you find on all good ash sticks. If the scoured or burnt effect peculiar to chestnut sticks, is wanted, the operation is carried out before the final bleaching.

Always a Stick

Men have carried sticks since the Flood. The long staves of those times later gave place to cudgels, and then, in higher circles, to the sword. But when swords were no longer carried, long, slender sticks became the vogue. Women used them, too, adorned with coloured ribbons, which love-starved cynics called "love knots."



1—Crook. 2—Pull-down. 3—Straight Root. 4—Straight Knob. 5—Cross Head. 6—Crutch.

from the base of the tree and the bottom end bent right over. If the bend is to a right-angle only, the shape is termed a pull-down. But many connoisseurs won't look at a stick whose handle was grown above ground. They must have a natural cross-head, and this is formed by training a root to grow laterally.

At the age of from three to six years the tree is unearthed, and the root cut off to within a few inches of the stem. If, as well, a root on the opposite is cut off closer still to the stem, the result is a Cross-head Crutch.

Other stick enthusiasts, preferring a knob handle, are equally insistent that the knob should be in the root. So the root is often trimmed back to the upright on both sides, forming a type known as the Straight Root. But for those who are not so particular, the Straight Knob suffices. The knob in this case is a knot or swelling that has formed above ground.

A Chiddingfold firm has been rearing and making sticks of all sorts for over 100 years. The present head of the firm was in the business as a boy. He recently showed me round.

These were followed by the various types in more modern use—types that fulfil a hundred separate functions, and not always to walk with. Some have been credited with supernatural powers. Doctors would carry gold-headed canes, supposed to safeguard them from infection.

A stick may play the double role of walking-stick and sports gun, or serve as ear trumpet, cigarette lighter, medicine case, spirit flask, or even as lightning conductor.

When the first silk came to Europe from China, it was smuggled through the Customs in hollow walking-sticks—a dodge sometimes used successfully to this day.

Official photographers and privileged persons at dress-model previews have stolen a march on competitors by hiding a miniature camera in a stick handle. It is, in fact, often the handle which serves the double role best.

Radio Inside

Soldiers and police of some countries have been equipped with midget radios cleverly concealed in the handles of innocent-looking walking-sticks.

If you want to be really unique in the choice of a stick,

you have a range of several distinctive types, apart from shapes. You can have a lightweight ash crook for a shilling or two, but you have also the choice of a Rosebery Crutch or a Prince of Wales Knob—distinguished preferences that once set cherished fashion in sticks.

Orders on British plantations, come all the way from America, home of the largest forests in the world, and requests often specify Downland Ash, obtainable only from the Chiddingfold plantations.

Maybe you would plump for a yew stick, in which case you might be out of luck. In any case you would have to wait 15 months for delivery. No one uses them, and, to meet your fancy, the factory would have to cut, shape and season to your especial order.

In normal times a fair trade is done in really high-priced sticks. Green and black ebony from India and Africa; full-bark malacca, value £2 to £5, according to length of joint; beautiful snake-wood with the markings of tropical serpents.

If you're not too, too particular as to markings, four guineas would buy you a stick in Brazilian snake-wood. But a preference for rhinoceros horn would cost you anything from £50 to £100.

But most of us can't afford small fortunes for walking-sticks, eager though we may be for a handsome product. So good imitations are generally available, and often it is difficult to spot the difference between real markings and the clever work of the expert varnisher-stainer. An imitation snake-wood stick in beech at about half a guinea is remarkably like the genuine Brazilian product.

But whether imitation or real, the attachment of some men for their sticks is extraordinary. Paderewski once kept a large audience waiting nearly an hour because he refused to leave his hotel without his cane, which he had mislaid.

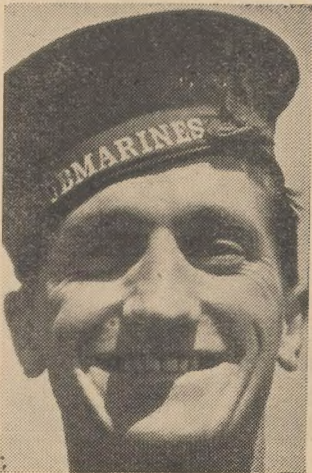
THANKS, BRIGADIER

Stuart Emeny, "News Chronicle" war correspondent with the British Guerrilla Force in Burma, describes their leader, Brigadier Orde Charles Wingate, as a man who can talk on practically anything under the sun.

"By his camp-fire one night in Burma I heard him put up a spirited defence of 'JANE,' strip cartoon of the 'Daily Mirror' and 'Good Morning,' quote from the Greek classics, and give a lecture on 18th century painting."

Jane replies she always knew she was in good company, and thanks the Brigadier. So does "Good Morning."

D. S. M.



At a recent investiture, Leading Telegraphist B. J. Murray, four years with submarines, was awarded the D.S.M. at Buckingham Palace for work off Malta.

SUNDAY FARE

ODD CORNER

IN 1936, a London business man, Mr. Theodore Kolb, proved before a committee of scientists that he could see with his eyes shut. Professor Fraser-Harris, Professor A. M. Low and Dr. Nandor Fodor were present, and Mr. Kolb's cheeks and eyes were plastered up with wet dough and bandaged. He then read accurately some printed matter selected at random, and even copied some impromptu sketches made on the spot by Professor Low.

Others who have passed the most stringent tests science can devise, and have read books without using their eyes, include M. Jules Romain, the French author, and Pat Marquis (aged 13), of California. The Spanish Zahoris have for generations claimed to be able to see underground streams through the soil, and are famous as water-diviners.

Water-divining by means of twigs is now accepted as a fact by science, but there is as yet no explanation. Critical experiments performed a few years ago point to super-sensitivity in certain persons to the electric currents which are always passing through the soil. These cause them to make involuntary movements with their fingers and arms, and so the twig twitches.

In 1935, the Indian, Kuda Bax, with his eyes similarly plastered and bandaged, read passages from a book given him by Professor C. E. M. Joad, and then beat Professor Low at a game of billiards, and rode a bicycle in a London street, obeying the traffic signals.

Hobbies for Submariners—No. 9

Figure Models in Plastic Mediums



"Mr. Swain" is a newcomer.

OUR readers are already acquainted with our twin submariner figures, Whistling Charlie and his shipmate Tubby. "Mr. Swain," on the left, is a newcomer, and will be seen again.

These models were made by a member of the Editorial Staff of "Good Morning," partly to demonstrate the method of going to work in this branch of

plastic modelling. The method is the same basically, whether you use plasticine or fire cement—in both cases the figure is built on a simple wood "core" illustrated below.

The wood shape is damped and the fire cement plastered on, the body of the figure thus being built up by degrees. The head is made separately, and is anchored to the neck of the wood core by a piece of wire or wood inserted into the head while plastic and baked in. The lower end is then inserted into the drilled hole in the neck, and more cement is modelled round the join, to form the outer part of the neck proper.

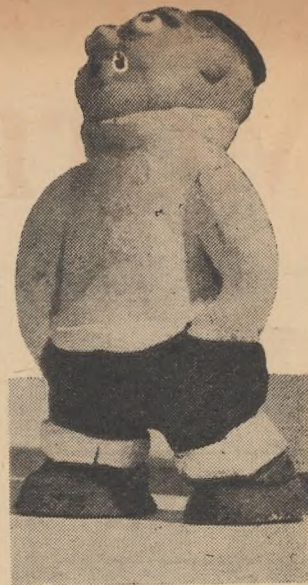
The hat is made separately, and fixed afterwards with wetted fire cement.

After thorough drying out in a heated atmosphere these models are like stone, and can be then painted with water-colours.

It is better, if possible, to give them a coat of size before painting, but not essential.

The three models shown here are approximately three inches in height.

Submariners who want to have a crack at plastic modelling or other hobbies, and have difficulty in obtaining the necessary materials, should write to "SHIP'S CAT'S KITTY," c/o "Good Morning," at the address on the back page.



"Charlie" whistles while he works.



"Tubby" of the tattooed torso.

HAVE YOU A HOBBY—

which we might deal with on this page! If so write to us at the address on back page

£8,000 worth of CRAYFISH IN A YEAR

FISHERMEN of Dunally, in South-East Tasmania, caught 156,000 crayfish, valued at £8,000, during the year 1940. Dunally has a population of 200, whose chief interest in life is—crayfish!

The major portion of the catch is sent to the fish market at Sydney.

Fishermen shareholders

The industry is run by a company of eight shareholders, all of whom have manned the small luggers which, with a crew of two, are the craft of the fishing fleet. Prior to 1923 these eight men had been catching crayfish for eight or nine years and sending them to Sydney. Then, for the protection of their interests, they formed the Tasmanian Fish Co-operative Co., Ltd.

Selected Crayfish

Each day's catch is very carefully scrutinised by Trooper Goss, of Dunally, to ensure that no undersized fish are kept, and the picture shows the evenly sized crayfish, which have been measured, cooked and scrubbed, and are awaiting packing for Sydney.

Sea-harvest

The method of catching is by setting pots of cane or wire, which are left for eight hours before lifting.



The crayfish beds off Dunally provide a rich harvest of the sea for these hard-working fisherfolk, who have lived to enjoy the fruits of many years of patient industry.—E. G. S.



Veteran Dunally fisherman Jack Spalding has been crayfishing longer than anyone else there, but he still hasn't lost his taste for crayfish!

HEARD THIS ONE ?

YOUNG Tommy, carrying stick, cotton, bent pin and jam-jar, made his way to the nearby river. An hour later he arrived home, with a huge fish, to an astonished mother, who asked, "What sort of fish is that, Tommy?" To which he proudly replied, "It's a limit!"

"That's a funny name for a fish, isn't it?" and he interjected, "I know it's right, because I was sitting in between two men when I caught it, and they both said, 'Well, that's the blinking limit!'"



WHAT IS IT?

Here's this week's picture puzzle for you to solve. The answer to last Sunday's issue was the top of a Pipe Bowl.

MURDER IN MAYFAIR

THE death of Bernard Keller stood almost alone among baffling crimes. At Vine Street, where they are used to puzzles, the C.I.D. branch was almost in despair.

Yet the details were simple enough. Keller was one of the richest men in Mayfair. An usurer, he took the frank attitude that people who did not want his easy-going loans and stiff interest could find accommodation elsewhere. That was fair enough, but once the client had signed on the dotted line, Keller turned the screw as far as ingenious legal interpretations of the Moneylenders Act would permit; and that was a long way.

Obviously, then, Keller's methods had made enemies for him. On more than one occasion he had been threatened. The pressure he brought to bear on a man named Lebensohn—who had borrowed five hundred pounds—resulted in a definite threat, which Keller ignored. The results were unfortunate.

Every night, at seven, the moneylender would leave his office in Park Lane, walking through part of Shepherd Mar-

ket to Curzon Street. His home was at the far end of Curzon Gardens, a cul-de-sac one hundred yards long.

At seven-fifteen precisely on the 2nd of November, Keller was seen walking towards his turning by a constable on the corner of the Gardens. The constable saluted Keller, whom he knew by sight, receiving a signal in reply. A few yards behind Keller another man was walking. He was subsequently identified as Lebensohn.

The constable remained where he was, idly watching the two men vanish into the darkness of the Gardens. Ten minutes later he saw Lebensohn come back alone, but not carrying anything. Almost simultaneously an alarmed householder summoned the constable. On reaching the front of Keller's house, he found the moneylender lying on his face, the back of his skull smashed to pulp from a blow that must have been delivered with gigantic force wielding a very heavy weapon.

Another constable arrived. Lebensohn was pursued and caught within a few minutes. But there the snag arose. The

Another 3-minute Thriller by NIGEL MORLAND

arrested man carried no weapon that could have delivered the blow, nor could he have concealed it on him.

Vine Street asked for Mrs. Pym. When she arrived she was told the full story by Dane, of the Divisional C.I.D.

"You say Lebensohn's strong enough to deliver the blow, but that the weapon does not exist?" Dane nodded helplessly in reply. With him Mrs. Pym paced Curzon Gardens, and in that bare stretch she had to admit concealment was impossible.

The problem had to be solved. The Prosecution would base part of its case on the weapon, yet no weapon was even known that could have delivered such a crushing blow and literally vanish into thin air. Unsuccessful experiments were tried with even every possible type of bludgeon.

Mrs. Pym went over the ground again, though she knew every stone of it, and sought the obvious for a change. Then she saw the weapon, and chuckled at the amazing simplicity of it.

She rang up Dane at once. (Solution on Page 3)

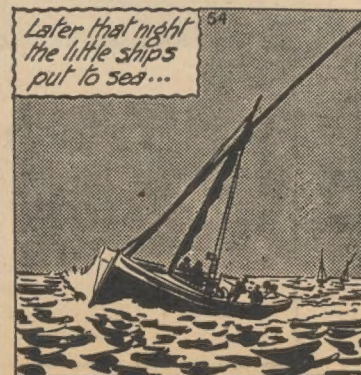
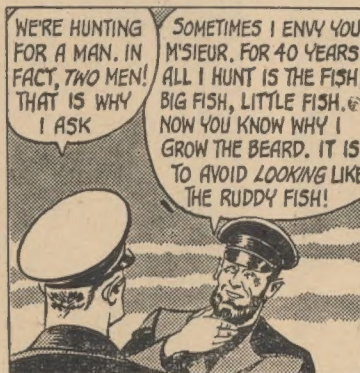
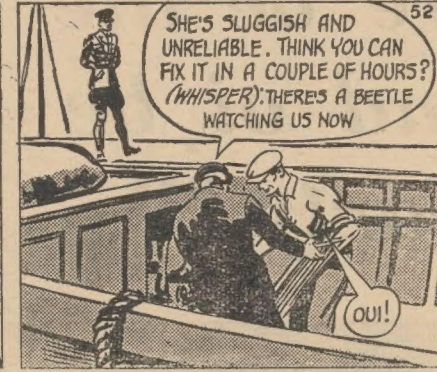
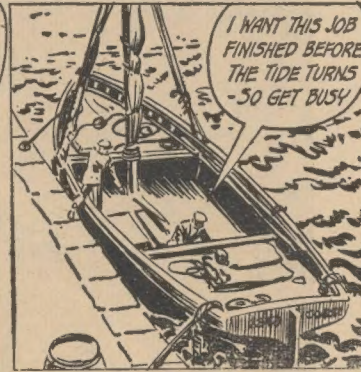
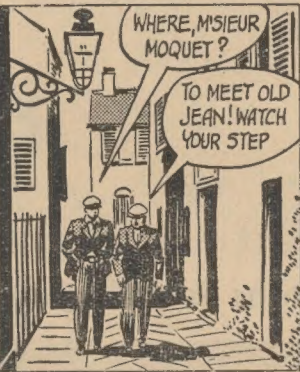
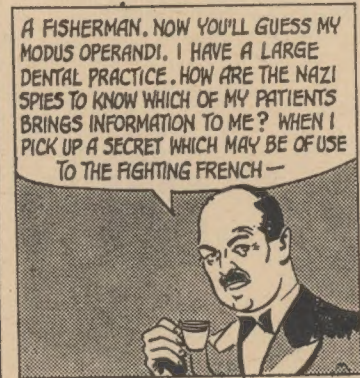
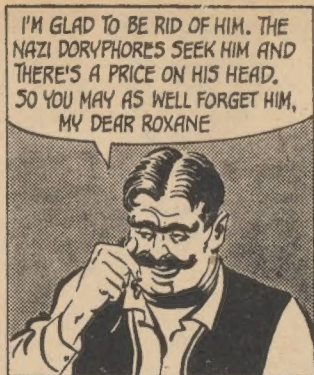
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|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | T | F | Y | O | L |
| 2 | R | E | Y | F | R |
| 3 | T | A | R | E | G |
| 4 | R | A | D | E | D |
| 5 | L | E | M | A | D |
| 6 | K | R | T | O | S |
| 7 | S | A | M | E | G |

When you have solved this puzzle, the centre word will describe what we are fighting for. Clues:—

1. This is a tall one.
2. "We will cross by the—"
3. Peter the —
4. With nought off the end it becomes a file.
5. Something to win.
6. Imaginary child carrier.
7. Supplied by "Good Morning."

(Answer in S 10)

BUCK RYAN



BOUNDARY CUTS TOWN IN TWO

By HUGH MEE

IT is one of the funniest situations of the war—or peace, too, for that matter. But it is part of the price inhabitants of Rock Island, Canada, and inhabitants of Derby Line, U.S.A., pay for being planted where they are.

What would you do, amid the tangle of immigration laws, for instance, if you were manager of a theatre, such as Rock Island Opera House, with your back door in Canada and your front door in the United States of America?

The Opera House had a play ready, a company of players ready, a stage situated in the village of Rock Island, a lot of the seats for the audience in the village of Derby Line, Vermont, U.S.A., a box office in U.S.A., and a fire escape in Canada.

The manager thought he would solve the problem by slinging a cable so that on one side would be the Canadian part of his audience and on the other the American portion. But that didn't solve it.

The Canadians objected to entering the theatre by climbing up the fire escape at the back of the place. They had been in the habit of entering the building by the front door.

At the time this problem first presented itself U.S.A. was not in the war, and if a Canadian soldier walked into the County of Vermont by crossing the boundary line, what was going to happen? Would he be interned in the U.S.A.?

Up came a U.S.A. immigration officer to have a look at things. He decided, after telegraphing and writing to his G.H.Q., that it would be O.K. for Canadians to walk into U.S.A. to get to their own theatre, if they first reported to U.S.A. officials that they were going to the theatre.

And when the Canadians said "Huh!" and walked over the line, American officials watched to see that they didn't walk too far over.

VILLAGE TABOO.

Life in the villages of Rock Island, Quebec, and Derby Line, Vermont, has become daft. It is like living in a couple of savage spots which are full of taboos and mystic signs. For the two villages are really one, although there are 2,000 inhabitants in Rock Island and about 600 in Derby.

Houses, too, are astride the boundary line. One day, Charlie Oswald, a prominent citizen of Derby Line, died, by accident. Dr. White, of Rock Island, at once headed for the Oswald home. He was allowed to pass by the U.S.A. officials.

When the funeral came round, friends of Charlie in Rock Island wanted to go to the ceremony; but there came a message that funeral attenders would be allowed only if they went straight to the church and checked out as soon as the service took place. In spite of the warning, Rock Island people went in a strong body. Men said, "Who'll stop us, anyway?"

Husbands found they were separated from their wives for technicalities of citizenship. There was an impost on Canadian dollars being spent over the border. It looked like Tariff Reform back again in trade.

Under war-time restrictions life became a fantastic tangle. In July, 1940, came an edict that no Canadian could cross the border unless he carried a passport, properly visa'd.

Nobody had a visa, and practically the only people who could walk up the hill into Derby Line were the customs and immigration officers.

People before that had often stepped across the border and mailed their letters in U.S.A. owing to faster delivery there. The officers often carried letters across and popped them into the American mail-boxes—thus parcels and mail were taken to America to be delivered in Canada.

HOUSE IN TWO COUNTRIES.

Consider the case of one citizen, Mr. Norris, whose house is bisected by the boundary. Mr. Norris has a sitting-room and two bedrooms in U.S.A., and his kitchen, dining-room and two other bedrooms in Canada.

Mr. Norris buys his provisions in Canada, since the apartments—dining-room and kitchen—connected with feeding, are in Canada; but when, or if, he wants articles of furniture he goes to Vermont, and saves the higher prices ruling in Canada; because, in law, he is also a citizen of the United States.

When the Heskell family presented a library to their community, it was found that part was in Canada and part in the U.S.A.

SOLUTION OF THREE-MINUTE THRILLER.

"I've solved the mystery for you. Lebensohn's quick-witted and slick. He levered up an iron coalhole cover with his penknife, used it, and put it back. He would have got away with it but for those spots of blood, and don't thank me; it was a lucky hunch, that's all."

When Dane's experts pulled up every coalhole cover in the Gardens, they found one bearing all the evidence they needed.

Good Morning

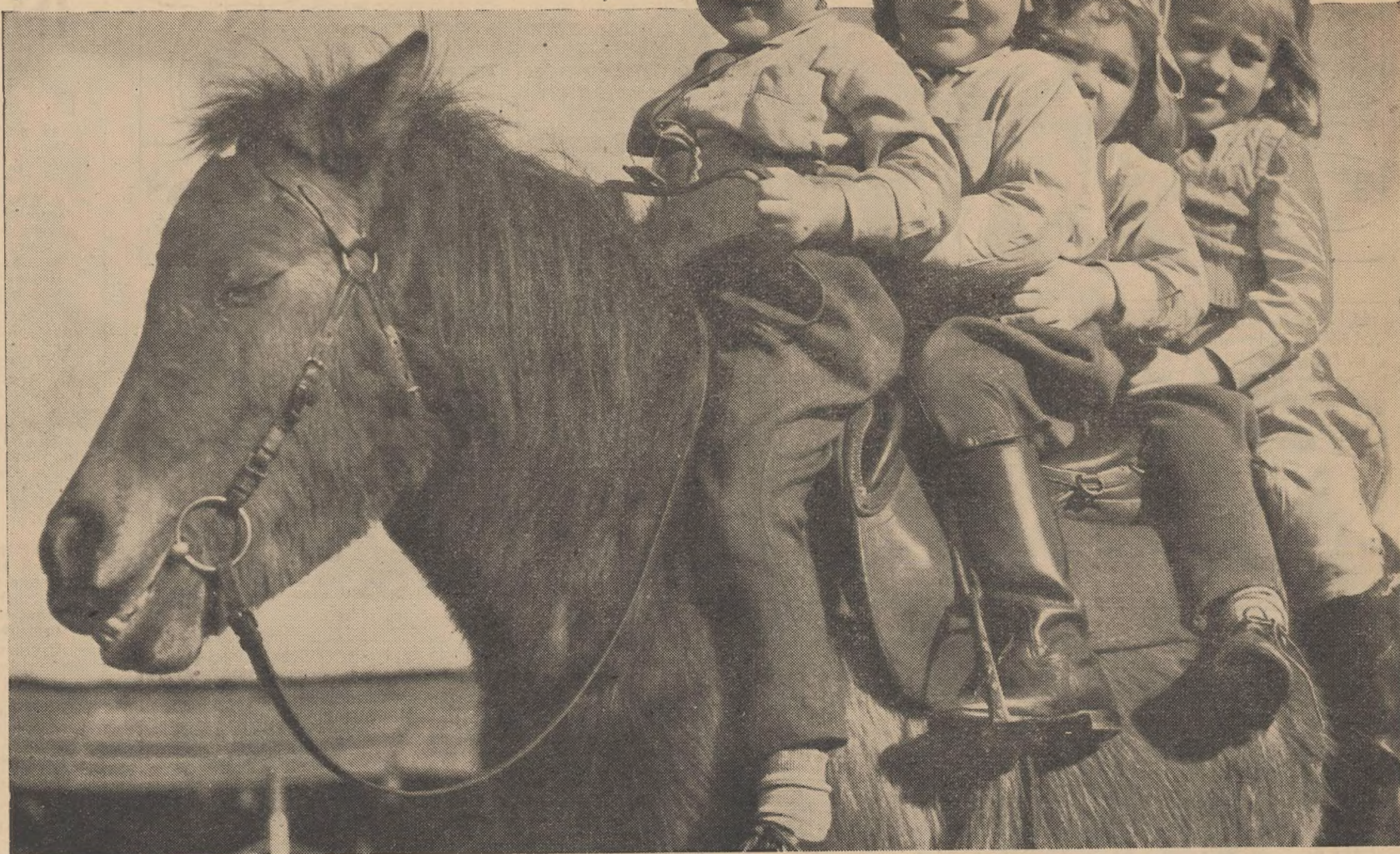
All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

AHEAD—
ASTERN!



This is the first time we've seen the contradictory order so justified. We wonder exactly what IS going on—the calf seems so unperturbed about the whole matter.

This England



The nag with a load of mischief—and so lovely that even he is smiling happily about it

*"'ere be ale
—and oi be
'earty!"*



*—“lets blow 'er off
and start the party”*

And dang us, too, if Jarge bain't quoite roight. It be an ill wind that can't take the 'ead off a pint, so it be! (Pictures by George Greenwell, "Good Morning" Photographer.)

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Help—I'll be awash!"

